

Ladies' LITERARY OR, Museum.



Weekly Repository.

"REQUIRING, WITH VARIOUS TASTE, THINGS WIDELY DIFFERENT FROM EACH OTHER."

The White Cottage.

(Continued.)

'To see you again, my Julia,' said Edmund, 'under any circumstance, I should have thought contained some portion of bliss; but to see you in such a habitation, under the care of such a man, (for he is undeserving the title of your father,) is agony, all agony! And what is his object? To have a being with him over whom he may tyrannise; whom he will endeavor to bend to his will, or who will feel his revenge; and who, submitting to all his caprices, will yet fail to give pleasure. How could Mrs. Sinclair consent? Did she know what a place—' 'Oh!' said Julia, 'do not for a moment question my aunt's motives, or ascribe to them aught that is not just and prudent. It is to her will that I now conform, and in acting by her directions I am supported by the conviction that it is right; the end and aim I confess I see not.' 'I will immediately, my Julia,' said Edmund, 'adopt some measures that will rescue you from this bondage, this dreadful situation; and as soon as I have a house to offer you, I shall demand that hand so long promised, so indissolubly pledged.' 'But if a father objects?' 'He is no father, but by name and nature; you cannot, must not be directed by him: promise me again that no op-

position will induce you to swerve from your vows to me.' Julia held out her hand: 'It is yours, Edmund, it shall never be another's.' And after one long, one last embrace they separated.

When he was gone, she remained for some minutes fixed to the spot where he had breathed and looked his last adieus. As soon as she could assume sufficient composure, she stole into her father's room, and assisted Patrick in those things which he said usually recovered his master; and circulation and sense returning, he gazed wildly on Julia, calling her Matilda. When he came to his perfect recollection, he inquired if any one was in the house, if he was gone. 'There is no one whom I know but Patrick in the house,' replied Julia. Her father seemed satisfied, and desired to be dressed, as he wished to get up; which was his custom soon after the fit had passed off.

Soon after, her father informed her that he expected a very old friend to dine with him. She inquired if she could give any orders respecting dinner? But he told her that Patrick always did that; and she was astonished at the variety and elegance of their little table, the luxurious choice of wines, and the variety of the dessert. The gentleman, who was introduced by the name of Midford, appeared to be about sixty, and one of the most elegant men of the old school; polite and

courteous in his manner, graceful in his deportment, and his conversation abounding in anecdotes of the wits and beaux and beauties of his youthful days. Julia listened with gratified attention, and made her comments and inquires so sensibly and judiciously, that he seemed equally pleased with her, and her father was evidently delighted. Mr. Midford, when he took his leave, inquired in a low voice, how she left Mrs. Sinclair. 'Do you know her?' said Julia in the same tone. He put his finger on his lips as imposing silence, and went away. As soon as he was gone, Mr. Davenport asked how she liked him; and the candid and the liberal praise which Julia bestowed upon his friend gave evident pleasure to her father. 'He is my only friend,' said her father, 'and I love him: if I had not, I should not have allowed such a dinner; it was too much, a great deal too much; more than I can afford.'

Julia's days were creeping on in this manner, when letters from her aunt, addressed to her father and herself, suspended for a time every other feeling. Her mother was at the point of death, and as a last indulgence, she petitioned to see her sister and her daughter. Julia put Mrs. Sinclair's letter into her father's hand. He rose furiously from his seat, and exclaimed, 'Never whilst I breathe shall you see your mother! The woman who dishonored me, dishonored you! I am and will be your only parent; and if you see her, you abandon me for ever; never more will I speak to you, look at you, own you.'

Patrick, hearing the vehemence of his master's words, came into the room just in time to save him from falling; and conveying him to his bed, Julia was left to herself to meditate upon her unhappy situation;—a mother dying, and a father denying her a last request. Overwhelmed by sorrow, she was leaning upon the table, her head bending over her aunt's letter, upon which her tears were fast falling, when Mr. Midford was shown up stairs by the maid of the house. Julia unconscious of his approach was still weeping; nor till he said in a low and respectful voice 'I fear I obtrude,' did she see him.

The appearance of one whom she really esteemed, and whom she knew her father valued, was most welcome to her; and holding out her hand she entreated him to sit down. She said her father was then in a fit, and supposed he might ascribe her grief to that cause. But Mr. Midford had too much penetration; and the letter over which he had

found her leaning, furnished him with an instant clue to her distress. 'When your father recovers,' he said, 'allow me to see him, and employ me as mediator or agent in any business that interests you.' Much as Julia required such a mediator, she could not speak of her mother to one who might be a stranger to her guilt and her misfortunes; and if she spoke of her father's refusal to her aunt's request, she must, she thought, divulge the cause. She therefore said that she feared all interference would be unavailing, but thanked him for the offer; and finding it appeared to pain her, he urged it no further.

When Mr. Davenport recovered his senses, and saw Mr. Midford by his bedside, he held out his hand, which he pressed in silence. Then seeing Julia, and fixing his eyes heavily upon her, he faintly pronounced 'Matilda!' 'Julia! tis your Julia!' she said, hanging over him with tenderness. He passed his arm round her waist, and drew her face to his. 'I have been harsh,' he said in a whisper; 'I remember it all.' And he then sunk into silence. Julia sate by his bedside the greater part of the night, and till she saw him asleep: she then, at the instigation of Patrick, went to her bed. But here, the image of her mother dying without the consolation of once more beholding her, chased sleep from her pillow, and in the morning she arose ill and feverish.

Her father was much better; but she feared to repeat her request, lest the same consequences should ensue. Yet to be repulsed by one attempt, she thought implied a selfish indifference to the sorrows of the heart-broken, and the wishes of the dying—a dying parent! and she therefore resolved once more to present her aunt's letter, and to strengthen its supplication by her own; every hour's delay, every moment's procrastination, might render it useless.

With a heart palpitating with emotion and apprehension, she approached him as he was sitting in his easy chair; and falling on her knees, with the letter of her aunt in her uplifted hand, said, 'O my father! if my unhappy mother was ever dear to you, do not deny her last request.' Julia clasped his knees: he attempted to force her from him: she still clung to him with an agonising look of supplication. Provoked at her perseverance, the hand that had hung listlessly over the arm of his chair was suddenly nerved by passion, and giving her a violent blow, she sunk senseless at his feet.

(To be continued.)

Zaida....A Romance.

(Continued.)

Meanwhile, the sly Marama did not neglect to watch, to listen, to flatter, and to play the hypocrite; to examine every look of the beautiful Zaida, and infer from it hope or fear for the love of the prince. On the very day when "*The faithful*" wrote to "*The Only One*," it did not escape Marama's penetrating eyes, that a certain inquietude had taken possession of Zaida's breast; that her eyes often seemed to seek an object they could not find. 'What can be the matter with her?' the cunning woman muttered to herself: 'her looks are looks of tenderness; her inquietude is the inquietude of love. Should it be something more than insensibility that makes her deaf to the sighs of the prince?' And with this monologue she entered the cabinet of her lord, when a dialogue ensued which was not very consoling to the languishing prince. Yet they in vain racked their brains to divine the object of Zaida's secret. Enough! Jealousy laid violent hold of his mind; he took the pen and wrote:

Soliman, prince of the Ottomans, to Zaida, queen of every feeling heart.

'I would not venture to see thee again. I fear thine anger more than death. Thou dost not love me: but I love thee in spite of thy command. Were thine heart disengaged, thou wouldst feel for my sufferings. Who is it that dares to be my rival? I am not proud of rank and title; love puts us all upon a level; but sure I am that his love cannot equal mine. Convert, O Zaida, the mildness in thy looks into tenderness. Ah, Zaida! the step is but small—save from despair thy faithful

SOLIMAN.

Marama promised to deliver this letter; but being afraid of Zaida's dignified looks, and expecting that the beautiful Moscowvetian would not deign to open the paper, she, as usual, had recourse to cunning; visited Zaida with seeming indifference, spoke of a thousand indifferent subjects, and left the letter, unobserved upon the toilet. 'If she finds it,' said the traitress to herself, 'I lay a thousand to one, female curiosity will make her open it; and if once opened she will be desirous to know the contents. It is all we want at present; the effect will not escape my penetrating eye, and this girl's harmless soul will in vain strive to keep her secret passion from my observation.'

Meanwhile, the powerful eloquence of love from the lips of the vizier, had warmed up the friendship of the kishlar-aga—The good hearted halfman ventured his grey head; converted, by proper paint the vizier's face into that of an Ethiopian, put on him the dress of a slave, gave him a basket to carry, and conducted him, during the stillness of night, into the seraglio—The lamps in the gallery were extinguished, and a dim lantern shewed them the way. Trembling, with a beating heart, walked Soliman behind the aga; his feet scarcely touched the Mosaic pavement—They walked on, and the passage seemed to become longer at every step; at last the aga stopped at the last door and opened it without noise.

Scarcely had Zaida observed the aga, at that time of the night, when in her mind the idea of hell arose. 'He comes as a messenger of the sultan! He comes to drag me to the altar, where innocence is sacrificed!' She fell senseless into the arms of Vulima. The kishlar-aga, with a nod of the head, cleared the apartment of the by-standers, having observed in Soliman's looks that he was no more able to contain himself. Zaida was laid upon a sofa; the beautiful eunuch kneeled at her feet: still her heavenly eyes were closed: still no sigh could be observed from the oppressed bosom: 'Go friend,' said the busy Vulima to the kneeling Soliman: 'go and fetch the golden viol with the powerful restorative: there on the toilet thou wilt find it.' Soliman flew, saw the viol, and below it a sealed letter. With eagerness he took both, brought the viol, and put the letter into his bosom. Do not revile him, ye critics, German or English, Italian or Frenchman: Soliman is warm as the climate of his country, and hasty like the torrent of a spring. Allow him but a moment's reflection, and the letter remains safe upon the toilet: but a muselman, who finds a sealed paper near the object of his heart, feels more than you when you find a strange hat upon the sofa of your mistress.

Zaida opened her eyes, and Soliman lay in her arms. He that ever has pressed a beloved object, after a long absence, to his beating heart, will understand me! But he that has passed his life carelessly uninterrupted by the side of his wife, who from a warm lover became a tranquil friend, will try, in vain, to paint to himself the feeling picture of his soul, which the glowing pen of the bard dare not venture to describe. Vulima and the kishlar-aga retired: the former shed tears of joy, and the latter listened at the door. That the lovers said much to each other, and said nothing, is the usual

way of nature. Scarcely had Soliman thought of the necessity for Zaida to pretend having a headache at the approaching feast of the sultaness: the precious minutes passed with the swiftness of arrows; and now the anxious aga approached to inform them of the appearance of day-light.

Who can arrest the rapid flight of time? ye gods of the earth! with all your gold, and all your flattering courtiers, you cannot stop the course of a grain of sand which runs from the eternal hour-glass—The lovers separated, (as all lovers separate) with regret and anguish. Soliman accompanied the aga to his palace, cleared away the Ethiopian color from his face, re-assumed his dress, and escaped from a private door from the baths of Mehemet. He scarcely was beyond the reach of observation when he took the letter from his bosom and opened it—But, heavens! where can I find words to express his astonishment! Prince Soliman loves Zaida; he has seen her, has conversed with her, has traitors in his pay, who with his letters creep to her apartment; and, what is most cruel, Zaida has not discovered to him a word of it: her silence seemed to him to be a cloak for the terrible secret.

‘Convert, O Zaida, the mildness in thy looks, into tenderness.’ Then mildness was in her looks when the prince lay at her feet? Excellent! Now further.....

‘Ah, Zaida, the step is but small.’ Indeed! indeed! the step is not great. Ah, Zaida will take that step soon enough. If she be innocent, why is she silent? ‘Ah,’ he cried with trembling, ‘away to the sultan! He shall know the treachery of his brother, and the faithlessness of his wife.’

Yet, no! Soliman-bashaw cannot act thus. His generous heart soon got the better of blind passion. ‘Where then lays the crime of the prince? He loves Zaida, the master-piece of benevolent creation. Do I not love her myself? But where is the road that leads out of this labyrinth? To discover the secret to the kislar-aga, would be throwing confusion into the seraglio. Not to let Zaida know what I have read, would be assisting my rival. To discover to her my jealousy, would torment the *perhaps* innocent girl, and accuse me of an ungenerous curiosity.’

Thus with tormenting doubts was the deceived vizier driven about till noon; when he fell upon the simple and surest way, to request the aga to allow him a conference with Valima.

Meanwhile, the watchful Marama became acquainted with the nightly visit of the aga. She

doubted not a moment of his having prepared Zaida for the sultan’s orders. Trembling for the prince and the fate of his letter, she went early to Zaida’s apartment. She found the beautiful slave sad and melancholy, a proof of her suspicion. Zaida did not say a word of the visit of the aga, another proof. But Zaida also spoke not a word of the prince. Marama began to be uneasy. She turned her eyes towards the toilet: the letter was gone; yet she could not discern a trace in Zaida’s countenance or conversation, which would say, ‘I have read it.’

‘Ah! if it should have fallen into the aga’s hands?’ This thought, like lightning, pierced the soul of Marama. However, versed in deceit, she could no longer contain herself: ‘Zaida,’ she exclaimed, ‘pardon me! have you read the prince’s letter?’

Zaida. (*Surprised.*) The prince’s letter! Art thou raving?

Marama. (*Distracted.*) Allah, we are lost! Yesterday I brought it, and laid it on the toilet—it is gone!

Zaida. What letter? Speak!

Marama. How am I to know. It was a repetition of his unconquerable love. Zaida, look in my face! you do not tell me any thing of the nightly visit of the kislar-aga—you blush—it is but too true he took the letter, and prince Soliman will become a sacrifice to the rage of his brother.

Zaida. Thoughtless as thine action was, I tremble for thee and the prince’s life.

Marama. There are but two cases possible—either you know of it, and then the prince is lost; or you know nothing about it, and then you are lost too—speak!

Zaida. (*With dignity.*) I am unable to divine. The prince has seen me against my will, and thou knowest that I was silent. Of the kislar-aga’s visit I am not obliged to give an account to any one; yet I am in no connection with the sultan. If the discovery of the letter involves thee, the prince, and myself, woe upon thee! Yet be the event what it may, I command thee henceforth never to torment me with the prince’s love.

(*To be continued.*)

RUSSIA.—So vast is the extent of the Russian empire, that when it is *noon-day* in its western parts, on its eastern confines it is nearly *midnight*!

More Fall Fashions.

[From the "British Lady's Magazine."]

EVENING DRESS.

The hair quite plain, with tiara comb of pearls; India book-muslin dress over a white satin slip, and broad vandyke round the bosom; the train of the dress, four plaits fulling of muslin, and four plaits of broad lace. Blue kid shoes and gloves.

FULL DRESS.

Shoulder plaiting of striped gauze, edged with white and lilac fringe; two rows plaiting and net, with lilac fulling. Medusa cap of blonde net, serpentine lilac trimming; plaiting of net under the chin, which is worn with or without a tippet.

HATS.

Leghorn bonnets, gipsy shaped, turned up a little in front, the crown low; richly trimmed with silk gauzes, and decorated profusely with flowers. Pearl and Parisian hats, shaped like the above, and with similar ornaments, are also much worn.

ROBES.

A white fine muslin robe, cut very low in the neck; the body welted, and the train profusely trimmed: shoes or boots, bronze color; and colored kid gloves.

PELISSES AND SPENCERS.

These decorations of the Fair, have not the sleeves so fully trimmed as lately, and the prevailing colors are lilac and Prussian blue.

[From *La Belle Assemblée*.]

ENGLISH EVENING FULL DRESS.

Frock of fine net over pale pink satin; the border and corsage beautifully trimmed in quillings of crape, white satin, and medallions surrounded with pearls; the border of the dress terminating by a light and elegant fringe of pearls. Turban toque of white satin and pearls, with two large drooping ostrich feathers. White crape fan, Vandyke with spangles; white satin shoes, and white kid gloves. The favorite colors are amaranth, pink, marine green, Burgundy and lilac.

PARISIAN HOME CIRCUIT.

Round dress of cambric with embroidered flounces, divided by broad rows of muslin bouillones. The dress made low, and finished round the bust, to correspond with the trimming at the border of the gown. Triple ruff of clear muslin, embroidered with Vandyke edge. The hair arranged in full curls, and elevated on the summit in a clustre of large curls. Sash of plaid ribbon, and Spanish brown kid shoes.

Home.

O! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of Home?

Behold the man of science. He drops the labor and painfulness of research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study; and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

'He will not blush that has a father's heart,

To take in childish play a childish part;

But bends his sturdy back to any toy,

That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy.'

See the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved family? The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence; it cheers him under difficulties; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; and it communes with him as he journeys. O! the joyful re-union of a divided family; the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By-and-by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will be embosomed in the caresses of his family; he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smile, he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer—He has bourn the burden and the heat of the day—the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy his repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness; his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied; the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again and retires to rest; 'and the rest of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much.' Inhabitants of this lonely lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort! 'Peace be to his house.'

'Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,

Thy homely joys and destiny obscure;

Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,

The short and simple annals of the poor.'

Human Grandeur.

Sparta was then before me; and its theatre, to which my good fortune conducted me on my first arrival, gave me immediately the positions of all the quarters and edifices. I alighted and run up the hill of the citadel. Just as I reached the top, the sun was rising behind the hills of Manelaion. What a magnificent spectacle! but how melancholy! The solitary stream of the Eurotas running beneath the remains of the bridge Babyx; ruins on every side, and not a creature to be seen among them. I stood motionless, in a kind of stupor at the contemplation of this scene; or a mixture of admiration and grief checked the current of my thoughts, and fixed me to the spot; profound silence reigned around me. Determined at least to make echo speak in a spot where no voice is any longer heard, I shouted with all my might, 'Leonidas! Leonidas!' No ruin repeated this great name, and Sparta herself seemed to have forgotten her hero.

The whole scite of Lacedemon is uncultivated—the sun parches it in silence, and is incessantly consuming the marble of the tombs. When I beheld this desert, not a plant adorned the ruins, not a bird, not an insect, not a creature enlivened them, save millions of lizards, which crawled without noise up and down the sides of the scorching walls. A dozen half-wild horses were feeding there upon the withered grass; a shepherd was cultivating a few water-melons in the corner of the theatre; and at Magoula, which gives its dismal name to Lacedemon, I observed a small grove of cypresses. But this Magoula, formerly a considerable Turkish village, has also perished in this scene of desolation—its buildings are overthrown, and the index of ruin is itself but a ruin!

Parental Government.

Some parents endeavor to establish their authority on the principle of *fear*. And indeed *fear* often produces *obedience*. But it is a sensation so horrid in itself, that the human mind is racked with inventions to shake it off. Besides, "whom we *fear*,

we *hate*;" and whom we *hate*, we cannot *revere*; yet *reverence and love* is the only proper basis of all parental government. And riven shall be the heart of that parent whose prime object is to make himself feared, when that fear is removed. And it will be removed, when the corporal powers of the child are perfected—he will *fear* no longer than the rod is held over him.

Much advantage may undoubtedly be made of the passion of fear; but it must be handled skilfully, very skilfully. The first object of a parent is certainly to make himself beloved and respected; to be the friend and *confidant*, rather than the *tyrant*, of his children. He can always direct the wishes, control the inclinations, and curb the passions, of the child, if he knew exactly what they are. But a *tyrant* can never be *acquainted* with his offspring. The child cringes and *dissembles* before him, and is taken to be entirely *different* from what he *really is*. And how can a person manage a machine, when he is absolutely ignorant of all the springs, or play upon an instrument when he knows none of the keys? It is folly to suppose it; and it is equally vain to imagine, that a person can govern a child before he is intimately acquainted with his disposition and his passions. The parent, therefore, must not make his child *afraid of him*!

A Good Change.

A private letter from Paris draws a pleasing picture of the state of the public mind in some of the French departments. A sudden change of sentiment has been effected on religious subjects, it appears, by the well meaning exertions of some pious Catholic missionaries. They have, it seems, selected for their labors two districts which, twenty years ago, were much infested with the maniacal principles of the revolution. Nothing now attracts so much the attention of the traveller, around Nantz and Bordeaux, as the daily pilgrimages of converted atheists to Crosses, erected by themselves, to expiate their former crimes against religion. The exertions of these missionaries are certainly praise-worthy, and we have no doubt will contribute towards a great reformation in morals.

The following beautiful "poetical banquet," has appeared in print as many times "as there be stars in the heavens;" but we presume no Lady would wish its place supplied, in this Museum, by any original which this age affords. ED.

The Infant's Banquet.

'Twas on a cliff, whose rocky base
Baffled the briny wave;
Whose cultur'd heights their verdant store
To many a tenant gave.

A mother led by rustic cares,
Had wander'd with her child;
Unwean'd the babe—yet on the grass
He frolick'd and he smil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd,
To mark the infant's joy;
How oft would pause, amid her toil,
To contemplate her boy.

Yet soon by other cares estrang'd,
Her thoughts the child forsook;
Careless he wanton'd on the ground,
Nor caught his mother's look.

Crop'd was each flower that caught his eye,
Till scrambling o'er the green,
He gain'd the cliff's unshelter'd edge,
And pleas'd survey'd the scene.

'Twas now the mother, from her toil,
Turn'd to behold her child—
The urchin gone! her cheeks were flush'd,
Her wander'ing eye was wild.

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink—
Now careless peeping o'er—
He turn'd and to his mother smil'd,
Then sported as before.

Sunk was her voice—twas vain to fly—
Twas vain the brink to brave—
O, Nature! it was thine alone
To prompt the means to save.

She tore her 'kerchief from her breast,
And laid her bosom bare;
He saw, delighted,—left the brink,
And sought the banquet there.

GLORY OF WATERLOO!

OR,

The Orphan & Lord Woolsey.

Pity, my lord, the wretched plight
Of a lone orphan, faint and weary;
No house by day, no bed by night,
Expos'd to tempests wild and dreary.

I have no friend, I have no food,
Alas! I know not where to wander;
But I was told you folks are good,
Who roll in wealth and shine in grandeur!

'Young gypsey, if your tale be true
Say where your parents' life departed?
'My father fell at Waterloo,
My mother died quite broken hearted.

She sought my sire among the dead,
And fell upon his bosom gory—
'O! if they died in honor's bed,
My child, they're cover'd o'er with glory!"

'And what is 'glory?' my good lord,
Will it relieve the orphan's hunger?
And shelter, clothes, and food afford?
Oh! say—or I can't live much longer?"

'The nation, child, will see you fed,
Posterity will learn your story;
Your parents died in honor's bed,
And they are cover'd o'er with glory!"

He said—and with a hasty pace,
From the lone orphan whistling parted;
The tears bedew'd her pallid face,
And down she sunk, half broken hearted.

Then to her aid a soldier flew,
Who had o'er heard her artless story;
He knew her sire at Waterloo,
And saw him—"cover'd o'er with glory!"

'Come, orphan, to my arms,' he cried,
'And I will screen thee from the weather;
Close to my side thy parents died,
And for their sake we'll lodge together.

I have a pension, and a cot,
Where thou shalt live till I am hoary;
Here, wrap thee in this old watch coat,
'Tis warmer than his lordship's 'glory!"

LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 8, 1817.

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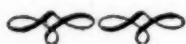
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TO THE PUBLIC.

Perhaps all that can be said of these little poems, is, that, if they never arrest the judgment of rigid criticism, they may sometimes please the imagination of the fair daughters of feeling.

But to prevent deception or imposition, the publisher begs leave to observe, that a sufficient number of these poetical effusions have already appeared in different public prints, to enable the public to form their own opinion as to the merits of the whole volume now offered to their patronage. In the "Ladies' Museum," the different pieces over the various signatures of "Henry, Edward, Alpha, Madona, Albert, Selim, Ellen, Orson, Albertus, Edwin, U., Augustus," &c. were all written by the above Mr. Lewis, and will form about one-third of the work. From these, the people of Philadelphia can readily determine whether "The Lyre of Love and Harp of Sorrow" will be worthy of their patronage. The Philadelphia "Repertory," the "National Intelligencer," the "Courier," and others, some years ago, also gave publicity to his muse, which several respectable editors, in other parts, thought proper to re-publish in their papers.

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NOVEM.	SUN rises	SUN sets	
8 Satur.	2' before 7	2' after 5	NEW MOON,
9 Sunday.	1' before 7	1' after 5	sets in
10 Mon.		7	the evening,
11 Tues.	1' after 7	1' before 5	12' after 7
12 Wednes.	2' after 7	2' before 5	16' after 8
13 Thurs.	3' after 7	3' before 5	24' after 9
14 Friday.	4' after 7	4' before 5	25' before 11